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steadily advancing to a position of the highest authority in the art, when his career was suddenly arrested by an accident, to the greater concern of his friends, as his health had betrayed no symptom of decline. During the reign of William and Mary, his dramatic genius attained increasing eminence; and we cease to wonder that throughout this prolific period he wrote only occasional pieces for the church, when the fact transpires, in a casual conversation between Dr. Tillotson and the Rev. Mr. Gostling, in a drive to Hampton Court, that there was no recompense for that labour. Nor was there until four years after the composer's death, when others reaped the advantage; how great a one it would have been to Purcell, the narrow circumstances in which his widow and family were placed sufficiently testify. The Queen showed some appreciation of his merit, though from a characteristic anecdote preserved by Hawkins, her taste does not appear to have been highly cultivated. "Having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with music, the Queen sent for Mr. Gostling, Henry Purcell, and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, 'who had a fine voice, and an admirable hand upon the lute.' The singers performed several compositions of Purcell, who accompanied them, but 'the Queen beginning to grow tired, asked Mrs. Hunt, if she could not sing the old Scots ballad, 'Cold and raw.' Mrs. Hunt answered, Yes, and sung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while sitting at the harpsichord unemployed, not a little nettled at the Queen's preference of a vulgar ballad to his music; but seeing Her Majesty delighted with the tune, he determined she should hear it on another occasion. Accordingly, in the next birth-day song, he composed an air, 'May her bright example,' the bass whereof is the tune to 'Cold and raw.'" This act of graceful homage had scarcely been performed, when the more melancholy duty of composing a funeral anthem for the amiable Queen devolved upon Purcell, an impressive composition, which, three years later, served for his own obsequies, and, according to the testimony of a spectator, "drew tears from all."

In the autumn of 1695, returning at night from a convivial meeting, somewhat inebriated, he sank into sleep at the step of his own door, and contracted a fatal illness. He was not, however, totally disabled from composition, and has left the song "From rosy bowers" as a death-bed testimony of his devotion to the art. It is probable that he never heard his magnificent instrumental *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*. He expired on the twenty-first of November, 1695, and was buried under the organ in Westminster Abbey, where a flat stone covers his grave, with its Latin inscription totally effaced by the footsteps of

passengers. The shrine of the manliest musical genius of our nation will never want devotees; but the art has still to advance considerably, before a just appreciation of Purcell can become universal. That this is, however, in progress, there can be no more satisfactory evidence than is contained in the present publication.

[*Novello's Edition of Purcell's Sacred Music, from which this Life has been printed by permission.*]

ENGLISH NATIONAL SONGS.—It is a curious fact that among our National Songs we have hardly one, of great popularity, which is of a decidedly military tendency. "The British Grenadiers" is a stirring, marching air, but can hardly be called a national ditty. Our Songs do not deal in sabres clashing, bullets flying, horsemen charging, standards waving, and all the staple material of the National Songs of our warlike neighbours across the Channel; we are not continually apostrophising that false divinity, enshrined amid ruin and devastation, and canopied with clouds of gunpowder smoke, which the French are ever invoking. Almost every one of our National Songs relates to the navy and the sea. "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" is connected in our minds rather with the top-mast of a ship, than the ensign-pole of a regiment. The sea is our field of battle, and the elements, rather than the men, the enemies we have often to struggle with. No doubt the navy is warlike; but it is rather as seamen, than as men of battle, that our National Songs think of, and eulogise those who man it. A Soldier is a fighting machine all over. You can hardly think of a regiment, without thinking of its special mission of battling, pillaging, burning, slaughtering. A red coat conjures up all these ideas, and no others; but a blue jacket is different. It tells of ocean toils and labours; of storms faced, and wrecks braved, and distant lands discovered. You can look on the bounding motion of a frigate, and never think of her guns,—on her symmetrical construction, as designed more to brave the tempest than the battle. And this feeling has tuned our National Songs. The Sea we feel rightly or wrongly to be our proper element; we have lays in plenty about our triumphs there—none or very few about our victories on shore. Trafalgar is embalmed in many a Song; we have not one, of any notoriety, about Waterloo.—*The "Emery of War," from Jerrold's Shilling Mag.*

HAYDN'S "CREATION" and HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."  
Cheap Edition. Novello.—London.

It will be seen by our advertisements that these works are approaching completion. Cheap as these editions were at first considered, the publisher is determined to place this class of music within the reach of as many as possible: to this end, all the Choruses from each work are being printed in Vocal Score, with accompaniment, for about half the prices of the entire works. This reduction is important for the poorer Choral Societies, who want a large number of the Choruses.

The Quarto Pianoforte Edition will be convenient to the Pianist, from only requiring half the usual number of leaves to be turned over.